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What we came to be



90 2 8

Chapter 1 by Haley Aziere

She could hardly remember a time when he didn't answer her texts with a quick 'busy right now', or when her phone calls were actually answered. She wasn't surprised to be put through to voiced message. Running around the kitchen, she grabbed her bag and keys; mimicking his recording with perfection.

"Call me back, this is important." As she hung up she sat down the phone and closed her eyes, how was she supposed to tell him...

Chapter 2 by Pigletpaige



Her parents told her last night. Her father's boss transferred him to New Orleans. That's far away from sunny Sacramento, California. How was she going to tell him, "Oh, by the way, I'm moving halfway across the country; you'll probably never see me again"? He was her boyfriend. They'd been together for two whole years now. What was she supposed to do? Her parents didn't ask her before they decided to move. They told her, in two weeks, we have to be in New Orleans. Two. Weeks. That wasn't enough time. She has, or had too many friends to be able to say goodbye that quick. But what could she do? It was already decided. The only thing left to do now is pick up the pieces and start all over again. But then again, how bad really is a new start?

Chapter 3 by Awkward Kangaroo



What was the sense in even trying to talk to her boyfriend when all he did was seemingly avoid her. Maybe a new start was really what she needed. A chance to be happy, truly happy.

Her phone rang. It was him. What did he get time through?

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"Hey babe what's up? your voice"

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"I'm moving to New Orleans. I don't know how to do the long distance thing either. I just... Can we meet up? I really don't want to do this over the phone..." The girl

was frustrated with herself. Why did she have to blurt it out right then and there?

"Well we can't meet I'm really busy... But that's it then huh?"

"No, Jack please I want to talk about this."

"I told you I can't. I'm busy."

"When aren't you busy? Jack I'm moving across the country. I want to talk about this but you can't because you're always busy!" She felt her anger building up.

"Yes I'm always busy ok! I have an actual job, I have things to do! Why can't you understand that!" He shouted over the phone.

"How long has it been since we actually had a conversation? How long has it been since we met up?! How long!" Tears were streaming down her face and her voice was shaky.

"I can't deal with this right now..." He says in a low voice.

"When will you ever have time for me anymore?"

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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